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The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.
JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

102 THAMES STREET,
NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1798, and is now in its one hundred and forty-fourth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, selected, interesting and valuable features and household departments. Reaching to many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

MALBONE LODGE No. 58, N. E. O. P., William H. Thomas, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Thursday evenings in each month.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Richard Gardner, President; Thomas Fieldhouse, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesday evenings of each month.

REDFORD LODGE No. 11, K. of P., James F. Pennington, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals; meets every Friday evening.

DAVIS DIVISION No. 8, U. R. C. of P., Sir Knight Captain George A. Wilcox; Everett L. Gordon, Recorder; meets first Friday evening in each month.

NEWPORT CAMP No. 767, M. W. A., A. A. Page, V. C. Conant; Charles S. Parker, Clerk; meets 2nd and 4th Tuesday evenings of each month.

Local Matters.

Instruction in Voting.

Mr. McManamy, of the McManamy voting machines, has been in town this week. He has just returned from a very successful tour through the West in behalf of his machine. Since last winter the States of Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Colorado, Nebraska and Maine have legalized the use of voting machines at elections, and Mr. McManamy has every reason to believe that his machine will be adopted in all of these States.

As the machine will be used for the first time in this city in November, Mr. McManamy has been looking over those now in the custody of the city clerk to see if they are fully adapted to the requirements of our laws. He finds them all right and adapted for the use of both State and city tickets and the two classes of voters that we have in this State. Mr. McManamy will come here in the fall, a month or six weeks before election, and open a regular school of instruction in the method of voting by this machine and give every voter a chance of trying it as many times and as long as he pleases. The inventor of the machine will see to it that his workings are thoroughly understood by all.

Newport Y. R. Association.

At a meeting of the incorporators of the Newport Yacht Racing Association held on Wednesday evening the charter was received and a constitution adopted. A board of governors was chosen as follows: Messrs. George L. Rives, Herman B. Doryea, Arthur T. Kemp, Ralph N. Ellis, Frank K. Sturges, Woodbury Kane, A. Cass Canfield, Harry Payne Whitney, Winthrop Butterford, Royal Phelps Carroll, H. Yale Dolan, Reginald Brooks, Lloyd Warren, Henry F. Eldridge and Eldridge T. Gerry.

Some thirty-five members of Malbone Lodge, N. E. O. P., journeyed to Fall River, Tuesday night, by special electric car, to pay a fraternal visit to Priscilla Lodge of that city. The evening was most delightfully passed. There were representatives present from over twenty lodges of the order in Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

Today, Saturday, is the last day for registering. All those who fail to sign their name at the City Hall today cannot vote in Rhode Island this fall, unless they are on the taxpaying list. It is not too late yet, but it will be after 9 o'clock tonight.

Washington Commandery, to the number of about fifty, went to Wickford last Sunday and listened to a very excellent discourse by the Rev. F. B. Cole, rector of St. Paul's church, and a member of Washington Commandery. The trip to Wickford and return was made in steamer Sylvan Shore.

Hon. and Mrs. F. P. Garretton entertained at dinner Wednesday evening in honor of Rear Admiral Francis J. Higginson, commander of the North Atlantic Squadron.

The contract to supply the coal for the naval hospital at Coasters Harbor Island has been awarded to Mr. Edward S. Peckham.

Fourth of July.

An interesting Program for the Day's Celebration—Boat Races—Base Ball—Band Concerts—Firemen's Parade, Fire Works, etc.

If you are not awake earlier on July 4th, you will surely be aroused at 6 o'clock for that is the time that the dulcet tones of silvery bells will strike upon your ear. The stimulation will break upon your peaceful slumbers to remind you that that is the day we celebrate. That is the first feature under the auspices of the city council committee, for the small boy with his cannon cracker and tin horn will have been abroad for about three hours at that time and will have burned his fingers and blackened his clothes. But at 6 a. m. the first stroke of a half hour's performance on the bells will begin. This will be repeated at noon for another half hour and again at 6 p. m. for a similar length of time.

The city council committee have laid out a very promising program for the day, however, having \$1000 at their disposal. The Fourth is next Thursday and if the day is pleasant there will be many ways of enjoying the holiday. The first event of the day will be in the line of sports and will be the entire race in the morning for the Garretton prize of \$100. The race will start at 10 o'clock. There are four entries consisting of the Training Station, Tals (a crew from the Southern section of the city), Naval Reserves, and Old Colony crews. Interest in the race runs high.

At the conclusion of the entire race, which will probably be about 11 o'clock, there will be a game of base ball on Gladding's lot, near the Van Zandt avenue bridge, between the South Ends and the Newport Catholic Association for a prize of \$25. In the afternoon there will be a ten mile handicap race on Ocean Avenue starting from the Ocean House site at 2 o'clock and finishing at the same place at a time that can be announced better after the completion of the race. The prizes, as at present decided upon, are: Time prize, \$15; first prize, \$15; second prize, \$10. There will probably be a second prize for the best actual time. These are expected to be about fifteen starters in this race. There will also be an exhibition of backward riding over the same course by a Mr. Everett, starting after the race has left the post.

At 3 o'clock there will be another ball game, the contestants being the Holy Name Society and the Newport, on Whetton Hill off Harrison Avenue. The prize will be \$25, the same as for the morning game. At the same time, 3 o'clock, the parade of the apparatus of the fire department will start. This will be composed of the steamers and hose reels in spick and span holiday trim. The line will start from Washington square and will move down Thames street to Young, to Bellevue Avenue. There will be a special run along Bellevue Avenue from Perry street to Bath road. The department will be headed by the Newport Military Band and this will be the only parade of the day, as it has been decided to abandon the military parade that was contemplated owing to the fact that the North Atlantic Squadron will not be in the harbor. From three to five o'clock the Newport Band will play on Washington square.

In the evening there will be band concerts and fireworks. A generous amount has been expended by the committee for this purpose and there will be two displays of fireworks in the evening—one at Fort Greene where the Training Station band will give a concert, and the other at Morton Park where the Newport Band will play. The Newport Military Band will give a concert at Tourn Park in the evening.

Rev. L. E. Pettit, president of the Pentecostal School of Saratoga Springs, Saratoga, N. Y., will conduct services at the Friends' Church, Marlboro Street, Sunday, June 30, at 10:30 a. m., 2:30 and 7:30 p. m.

Rev. Father Buckley will officiate at St. Mary's church tomorrow, Sunday, morning at the 10:30 mass.

Mr. Otis D. Sleeper, who has been seriously ill at his residence on Poplar street, is slowly improving.

Mr. Alfred Macdonald is entertaining Mr. Charles A. Macdonald, of Chicago.

Rev. and Mrs. Braddon Hamilton are at the New Child Hotel for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Peleg Fryer celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage Wednesday.

Miss Lula Allen, of Block Island, is guest of Mrs. Mary Dodge, on Newport Avenue.

Miss Easton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Easton, is visiting friends in Rihway, N. Y.

Newport Horse Show.

The annual Newport Horse Show will be held on the Newport Cushing Grounds on September 2nd, 3rd and 4th. The entries for this exhibition close on August 18. A fine exhibition is promised and an imposing assembly of spectators is promised. The boxes have been practically all disposed of already. The executive committee is composed of Prescott Lawrence, chairman; O. H. P. Belmont, Henry F. Eldridge, Center Hitchcock, William R. Travers, Francis M. Ware, secretary and treasurer. The flag committee consists of Prescott Lawrence, F. M. Ware, and H. F. Eldridge. The judges are: Harness classes—T. A. Mather, New Rochelle, N. Y.; R. Penn Smith, Chesterbrook, Pa.; H. K. Cane, Philadelphia; saddle and jumping classes—H. W. Smith, Worcester, Mass.; J. K. Maddox, Warrenton, Va.; Adam Beck, London, Canada.

There are two classes of special interest to Newport business men: Class 19, horse and light delivery wagon, owned by Newport resident, entrance free; wagon to contain appropriate merchandise; prizes \$35, \$15, \$10, \$5. Class 20 is the same except that it is for a heavy delivery wagon and the prizes are \$25, \$15, \$10, \$5.

All Saints' Chapel.

The following is the list of clergymen who will officiate at All Saints' Memorial chapel for the remainder of the season:

June 30—Rev. W. N. McVickar, bishop coadjutor of Rhode Island.

July 7, 14 and 21—Rev. C. Ernest Smith, rector of St. Michael's and All Angels' church, Baltimore.

July 28 and August 4—Rev. Thomas U. Dudley, bishop of Kentucky.

August 11—Rev. Charles H. Brent, St. Stephen's church, Boston.

August 18—Rev. Henry Y. Satterlee, bishop of Washington.

August 25—Rev. Philip M. Rhineland, of the Cathedral church of St. Peter and St. Paul, Washington.

September 8—Rev. Henry Morgan Stone, rector of Trinity church, Newport.

September 15—Rev. Charles H. Brent, of Boston.

September 22—Rev. Emory H. Porter, rector of Emmanuel church, Newport.

September 29—Rev. William R. Huntington, rector of Grace church, New York.

Last Sunday was the biggest excursion day of the season thus far, crowds coming from neighboring cities by boats and electric. The beach and other places of interest were crowded all day. The crowd was not as orderly as is generally found here and a number of fist encounters were started on the wharves and on the steamers. If the weather is hot and clear there will probably be another large crowd here tomorrow.

Last Monday afternoon a team composed of ladies from the Fall River Golf Club met a similar team from the Mianetuck Golf Club on the latter's grounds in Middletown. The Mianetuck won by a score of 11 to 10. The successful team was composed of Mrs. G. W. Miller, Miss Molly Brownell, Miss Ruth Mather, Miss Alice Brownell, and Miss Martha Landers.

Beginning next Monday there will be three trips a day between here and Providence via the steamers of the Providence, Fall River & Newport line. They will leave here at 7:15 and 10:30 a. m. and 5 p. m. Sundays at 8 and 11:30 a. m., 5:15 and 9 p. m. Leave Providence for Newport at 9 a. m., 2 and 5 p. m. Sundays at 10 a. m., 2 and 5 p. m.

At a special meeting of the Board of Health Saturday afternoon the contract for the collection of swill for five years was awarded to A. H. Boney Company of Providence for \$31,500 for the total period. The contract for disposal of swill by towing to sea was awarded to J. K. Sullivan of this city for \$12,665 for five years. The new contracts begin August 1.

Mr. William G. Ward, Jr., has been appointed a member of the Park Commission to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Col. Samuel R. Honey. Col. Honey had been a member of the commission since 1895.

Master Willie Marshall has returned from Friends' School, Providence, where he is a student, and is spending his summer vacation with his mother, Mrs. F. W. Marshall, on Charles street.

Mrs. F. W. Marshall has been in Providence the past week attending the graduating exercises of the Friends' School in that city.

The harbor has been a lively place during the beautiful moonlight nights that we have had this past week.

Many of our teachers are planning trips to the Pan-American during the summer vacation.

Excelsior Lodge Anniversary

Excelsior Lodge, No. 49, I. O. O. F., although the younger lodge of Odd Fellows in this city, has reached the very creditable age of 10 years, and proposes to celebrate. The observance will take the form of a street parade, banquet, entertainment and ball and will be held on the evenings of Monday and Tuesday of next week. It was at first proposed to hold the parade and banquet on the same evening but the executive committee has decided that such a program would not be conducive to the enjoyment of the members and ladies, so the parade has been set for the preceding evening, Monday. The members will assemble at Odd Fellows Hall at 7:30 and the parade will move at 8:00 p. m., sharp. The members will carry lanterns suspended on poles and the line will be headed by a band of music.

On Tuesday night the banquet will be served at 7:30. At 8:00 there will be an entertainment in the lodge room, followed by dancing from 10:20 to 2 a. m., with an intermission at midnight for refreshments. The committee having the entertainment in charge have spared no pains or expense to make the affair an enjoyable one and it will undoubtedly be a red letter night.

Annual Field Day.

The members of the New England Order of Protection in this State propose to have a grand field day at Island Park, on July 31st, day and evening. A steamer has been chartered to bring the members and their friends from Providence and vicinity, and the members will go out from here in the electric. Negus will serve a special dinner at 1 p. m., after which will be games and other interesting exercises to make the time pass pleasantly till evening. It is expected that there will be a very large gathering on this occasion.

There ought to be no trouble getting to Block Island this summer. The steamer *Al Hope*, of the Providence, Fall River & Newport line, will make daily trips from Providence and Newport to the island. The *Danielson* will run as usual from Newport daily, Sundays excepted. The new steamer *New Shoreham* will be on the line early in July between Providence, Newport and Block Island. From the westward will be the steamers of the Montank line, running direct from New York to the island, and the steamer *Block Island* running from New London and other shore places to the island daily. This will make five lines of steamers connecting the island of Manasses with the outside world. A few years since the only way of reaching the island was by sailboat that went once a week, wind and weather permitting.

A large number of persons from this city attended the sham fight at the Training Station on Wednesday afternoon. The attacking party was under the command of Lieutenant Reid and the defenders under Lieutenant Brotherton. The visitors found the manoeuvres of considerable interest.

A delightful sail at this season of the year is an evening trip to Wickford and return via steamer General. Leave here at 7:30 p. m. and arrive back at 10:30, giving over two hours on the water and about an hour's stay in Wickford. The sail is a most charming one.

The Society of the Cincinnati in Rhode Island have invited the Rhode Island Society, Sons of the Revolution, to attend their exercises at the State House, Newport, on July 4th, at 3 p. m. These exercises this year will be of an unusually interesting character.

Among those who left Newport the past week for the Pan-American are: Dr. and Mrs. C. F. Barker, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Cole and son, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Bryant, Miss Katherine Manchester and Miss Julia Downing.

This hot weather is driving the people out of the cities and filling up the watering places. Newport never had so many people at this season of the year as she has at this time.

The first of the afternoon teas at the Mianetuck Golf Club will be given on Saturday next from 4 to 7. The Howard orchestra has been engaged and refreshments will be served.

Rev. and Mrs. George Greenville Merrill are contemplating a trip abroad and expect to join Mrs. Greenville's sister, Mrs. John Nicholas Brown.

The time allowed for entries for the Rose and Strawberry Show by the Newport Horticultural Society expired yesterday.

Mr. C. A. Hileken has moved his book binding establishment from its old quarters to 242 Thames street, over Otto's tailor shop.

Mr. F. W. Tilton, former head master of the Rogers High School, was in the city this week.

A Patriotic Pilgrimage.

William Ellery Chapter, D. A. R., journeyed to Little Compton to mark the Graves of Revolutionary Heroes. Scenes and Incidents by the Way.

The members of Wm. Ellery Chapter, D. A. R., to the number of twenty, went to Little Compton, Thursday, to mark the graves of two Revolutionary Soldiers.

The start was made at 8:15 a. m., via the Fall River cars. The morning was most delightful, the air fresh and clear, and the country at its best.

At Tiverton a barge was in waiting to take them the remainder of the journey. Entirely accidental so far as the Daughters were concerned, who had not the pleasure of selection, the vehicle in its minutest detail, horses and driver included, were in harmony with the ancient regime in which the voyagers are so interested. Truly it belonged to the "Ancient of days" and might have been the very "team" that conveyed Washington to one of his many bedrooms, now shown in well kept repair, on the road to "The Commons." The party only regretted their present-day attire, a lack of forethought wholly unnecessary, as, by the time the end of the journey was reached, the Hand-of-Gauche was fully simulated by the Hands of Grime and Dust. The party were not out on a fault finding trip, on the contrary they were in a mood to make the best of everything, and the ride through a country rich in its early summer livery of green, with the rocky, tree girt hills on one hand and on the other the ever shimmering waters of the sea, was a continual delight and well worth much more serious discomforts than any old "bus" could offer.

Many of the party were on the east side of the Channel for the first time and gave themselves up to the enjoyment of a nearer acquaintance with the land so often seen from the Newport shore. Many beautiful residences dot the landscape, and very few indeed are the places on the whole length of the drive showing lack of thrift or care.

Two hospitable houses threw wide their doors in welcome to the travel-worn Daughters. A short stay only was permissible, however, until after the duty, which was their object thither, was accomplished.

At the cemetery they were joined by two ladies, granddaughters of the hero whose grave they had come to honor, Mrs. Burchard, who now owns the old homestead, "Old Acre," and her cousin, Mrs. Burleigh, regent of her Chapter in Weymouth, Mass., and who had made the journey here the day before wholly for the purpose of greeting these twenty delegates from a Sister Chapter, and taking a share of the little memorial service in her ancestor's honor. The first marker to be placed was over the grave bearing the inscription:

In memory of
JAMES TOMPKINS,
who died
March 20, 1822,
aged 75 years.
June 28-85.

Across the road to an adjoining cemetery, is the Church family lot. Over the grave with a low headstone, bearing the single name "Joseph," was placed the second marker. A monument in the centre of the lot contained the memorial:

JOSEPH CHAPTER,
died April 16, 1810,
in his 77th year.

In our party, making the long, hard trip from Newport, was our "Real Daughter," Mrs. Coggeshall, and daughter of the hero around whose grave the simple ceremony of recognition had first been made. Her hand placed within the socket of the marker the red, white and blue flag, of our Union, the insignia of the country his service had helped to build.

Their work accomplished, the Daughters scattered among the graves, studying the quaint inscriptions on the time-worn stones, but the time was shortened all too rapidly, so the stay here could be but short.

Being directed we went directly to a plain granite shaft bearing the following very interesting inscription:

ELIZABETH TAPSCOTT,
Daughter of
The Plymouth Pilgrims
John Allen
Priscilla Mullin
The First White Woman
born in New England.

On another side of the monument: A bud from Plymouth's Mayflower springs Transplanted here to live and bloom, Her memory ever sweet and young, The Centuries guard within this tomb.

Near by were two time-worn slabs of slate with inscriptions perfectly legible, and truly most provoking to the curious minded who might read:

ELIZABETH, who should have been the wife of Mr. Simon Palmer, who died Aug. 24, 1786, in ye 64th year of her age.

And on the adjoining grave:

In memory of
LYDIA, ye wife of
Mr. Simon Palmer
who died Dec.
ye 30th, 1784, in ye 35th
year of her age.

There seems to be very little information of a reliable nature to be obtained regarding the history of these silent sleepers. It is said that the husband of the one was always true in his affection to the other. The surname of the "should have been" is unknown, but gossip has it that she would have been Mrs. Palmer had not death intervened, for she was again engaged to the lover of her youth, and he claimed the sacred duty of erecting the stone with his inscription to her memory. Truly a theme for the novelist—a heroine, beautiful, cultured, charming, with the

black shadow of insanity enshrouding her, a lover, ardent and true, bewailing the loss of his sweetheart at the age of sixty-four.

At the invitation of Mrs. Burchard, the Daughters returned to the Church mansion, where they were royally entertained by the hostess, her family and friends. Loaded down with their wraps, lunch boxes and dust, they presented but a sorry appearance as they struggled across the lawn and mounted the piazza steps. Soap and water were put at their service, as indeed with most generous hospitality was the entire house. Then was served a bountiful and delicious lunch to which, to a woman, they did fullest justice only a hungry woman can.

The host greeted the Daughters with a few well chosen words of welcome, interspersed with choice tid bits of compliments that caused each feminine heart to secretly rejoice in her sex and her patriotic sentiments that allowed her to be a Daughter of the American Revolution. All too soon came the time when adieu must be spoken, and the departure made. We fear a slight envy, of the "good luck" of the Real Daughter was felt, as they left her for a few days' sojourn in this truly delightful home.

A short drive further of a couple of miles or so, brought them to an old time house at the bottom of a lane, once the home of "Betty Alden." A portion of the building is virtually the same as in her occupation. Her bedroom, on the ground floor, under a narrow sloping roof, with quaint windows and tiny cupboards is the same as when she slept here. In the dining-room, the old kitchen, is a spacious fireplace, with a huge brick oven at the back with crane, brass kettle, etc., for the old time cooking. Over the mantle in the sitting room is inscribed: "Let us now who shall tell first a tale." This we are told is less ancient than the house, being the handiwork of a well-known Providence artist who has been privileged to dwell there and whose alterations of the place have been most artistic and in keeping with the house.

Newport Races.

The first races between the Constitution and Columbia will occur next week Monday and Wednesday. The first race on July 1 will be 15 miles to windward or leeward and return, and the second race on July 3 will be triangular, 10 miles to a leg. The start will be off Brenton's Reef lightship at 11:15.

Under the arbitrary ruling of the New York Yacht Club the Independence is not eligible to take part in these races, so the event loses much of its importance and interest to the general public.

Commander Corwin P. Rees, U. S. N., who was orator of the day on Memorial Day, and Rev. Charles Hunt Porter, pastor of Channing Memorial Church, who was chaplain of the day, were entertained by Charles E. Lawton and G. K. Warren posts, G. A. R., in Lawton post hall on Wednesday evening. Interesting speeches were made by the guests and members and a very enjoyable evening was passed.

A degree team from Pocasset Lodge arrived here Thursday evening to confer the third degree on members of Redwood Lodge, K. of P. After a short street parade they were escorted to Redwood hall. Later a collation was served to the members of the two lodges in Southwick's Hall.

A regular meeting of Emma Lodge, D. of R., was held Thursday evening in their lodge room in Odd Fellows Hall. A social session followed, the members repairing to the dining room where a collation, consisting of strawberries, cream and cake, was served. It was one of the pleasantest evenings Emma Lodge has ever had.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fogarty, of New Rochelle, have been spending their vacation in this city as guests of Mrs. Fogarty's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James G. Toptman. Mr. and Mrs. Fogarty will not spend the summer in Newport as has been their former custom but will summer at New Rochelle.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Williams and Miss Etta Hazard are at the Pan-American Exposition.

The funeral of the deceased took place Thursday afternoon from her residence on Washington square, the services being private. Rev. T. Calvin McClelland, pastor of the United Congregational Church, officiated.

Mr. H. H. Luther was awarded the degree of Doctor of Dentistry at Harvard on Wednesday. He was one of 22 successful students out of a class of 58.

The yacht Constitution was officially measured Monday morning, her racing length being 104.76.

The Casino restaurant opens Monday.

Mr. Alfred H. Conkling, of New York, is in town.

Mr. Charles H. Koehne, Jr., is confined at home by illness.

(Additional locals on 4th page)

How many mothers realize that when the baby's advent is expected they need strength for two instead of one. Women, weak, nervous, "just able to drag around," find themselves confronted with coming maternity. They have not strength enough for themselves, how can they have strength to give a child? We don't look for the birth of strong ideas from a weak mind. Why should we expect the birth of strong children from weak mothers?

The way to ensure health and strength to mother and child is to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a preparative for motherhood. It brings the mother's strength up to the requirements of nature, so that she has strength to give her child. It nourishes the nerves and so quiets them. It encourages a natural appetite and induces a refreshing sleep. "Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong and sick women well. There is no alcohol in "Favorite Prescription" and it is free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics.

"I wish to let you know the great benefit my wife derived through taking your 'Favorite Prescription,'" writes Mr. Robert Harden, of Brandon, Manitoba, Box 235. "It was when her baby came. We had heard so much of your medicine that my wife decided to try it. I may say my wife's age was thirty-three and this was her first child. She commenced to take 'Favorite Prescription' five months before her child was born. We have a fine healthy girl, and we believe that this was mainly owing to the 'Favorite Prescription,' taken faithfully according to directions. We shall certainly recommend it wherever we can."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 percent less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the unique quality of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

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Artistic Beauty

and Permanence

are the desirable qualities combined in our

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Blank Books, wholesale or retail, on hand or made to any desired pattern. Book binding, Paper Binding, Edge Gilding, Gift Lettering, Machine Perforating and Paper Cutting.

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Binders to the State.

WATER.

ALL PERSONS, desirous of having water introduced into their residence or places of business, should make application at the office, Marlboro street, near Thames.

Office Hours from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m.

WM. S. SLOCUM, Treasurer.

GOLDBECK'S

Diataseic Extract of Malt.

This preparation represents the best and most nutritious form of MALT, containing a large percentage of diastase and extractive matter together with a minimum amount of alcohol. It is especially adapted to promote digestion of starchy food, converting it into dextrose and glucose, in which form it is easily assimilated, forming fat.

It will be found invaluable in Weakness, Chronic Debility, Dyspepsia, (due to organic disease or indigestion), Nervous Exhaustion, Anemia, Malnutrition, etc.

To Nursing Mothers it wonderfully increases strength, aiding lactation, and supplying sugar and phosphates to the milk, whereby the infant is nourished.

In sleeplessness it causes quiet and natural sleep.

Directions.—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the Physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.

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Has been used in this State for over 25 years and has given perfect satisfaction wherever used. Impervious to water or rain, it contains no acid. Stops all leaks.

Condensed Roofs Put in Perfect Condition and warranted for Three Years. Best of City References Given.

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Shop 68 MILL ST. Office 70 WILMINGTON ST. P. O. Box 161. Residence 106 Church St. 3-11

President Schwab's Salary.

The Cincinnati Enquirer publishes the following story:

"An extraordinary series of circumstances was encountered by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan when he set about the organization of the billion dollar steel trust, and one incident, which has just come to light, displays Mr. C. M. Schwab, president of the combination, in an attitude which is unique in the world's history of finance.

"Mr. Schwab entered the employ of Mr. Carnegie as an office boy. He gained the absolute confidence of his employer and was intensely loyal to him, even when enormous financial inducements tested that loyalty. Recently, during a casual discussion of business affairs with a friend, Mr. Morgan was called upon to express an opinion as to the sincerity of Mr. Carnegie's declaration that he believed it wrong for a man to die rich.

"I believe," said Mr. Morgan, "that Carnegie is absolutely sincere in what he says on that point, and I think his actions prove it. Let me tell you one thing he has done.

"When the organization of the United States Steel Corporation was about to be effected, I met Schwab at my office to discuss the status of the Carnegie holdings. It was then expected that Mr. Schwab might be elected president of the corporation, but there was no definite conclusion on that point.

"Mr. Schwab astounded me by telling me that he was receiving a salary of \$1,000,000 a year as president of the Carnegie companies.

"I know no man who is worth that much salary," said he, "but I tell you how it happened that such a salary was given me. About a year before the reorganization of the Carnegie interests, or about two years ago, I was offered astonishingly liberal terms to sever my connection with the Carnegie interests and take charge of some manufacturing interests in Germany.

"I was receiving what I regarded to be a liberal salary from Mr. Carnegie, but it was small as compared with what the Germans offered me in the way of salary and interest in prospective profits. Nevertheless I declined the German offer in order to continue my connection with the interests I had so long been identified with.

"I had said nothing to Mr. Carnegie about the matter. However, it came to his ears and one day I was astounded to receive from him a blank contract, which needed only my signature to assure me a salary of \$1,000,000 a year for five years.

"I went to see Mr. Carnegie about the matter and said that in my opinion it was impossible that the services of one man in any business, however profitable, could be worth \$1,000,000 a year. He replied that that was not the point; that his chief purpose in life was to distribute his wealth according to the plan he believed proper.

"He insisted upon my signing the contract and that is how I came to receive a salary of \$1,000,000 a year.

"I told Mr. Schwab," continued Mr. Morgan, "that I never heard of any such salary as that, and that to assume the contract along with the other obligations of the Carnegie interests might in all probability be impossible to the new corporation.

"He drew a paper from his pocket and said: 'Mr. Morgan, here is my contract. It calls, as you see, for \$1,000,000 a year for five years. It has been in force for two years, and in that time I have drawn only \$200,000 against my salary account. I am fully aware of the fact that sentiment, and not business, led Mr. Carnegie to draw that contract.

"I appreciate now that it offers an obstacle to this project, which is vastly favorable to the Carnegie interests and directly in line with the personal desire of Mr. Carnegie to be relieved of business responsibility. You need not hesitate on account of this contract. There is an easy way to settle the matter."

"Thereupon," continued Mr. Morgan, "Mr. Schwab tore the contract to pieces before my eyes. He remained in the office for half an hour after that talking over the details of the proposed organization. I felt it my duty to detail to Mr. Carnegie the scene in my office when the contract was destroyed. He smiled and said that there were few men in the world like Schwab.

"I don't propose that he shall lose anything by what he has done," said he. "I shall send him my check for the amount he lost when he destroyed the contract."

"Mr. Carnegie drew his check for \$1,000,000 and sent it to Mr. Schwab, with a note explaining his understanding of the transaction in my office. That, I believe, is the basis for the stories we hear of the enormous salary paid to Mr. Schwab by the new corporation. As a matter of fact, his salary as president of the corporation is not larger than that of a good many railroad presidents."

"This story is from a perfectly reliable source."

In a Stago Reminiscence just published by the Scribners, Mrs. Gilbert has this to say of her training as a stage dancer: Some fifteen years ago, when Mr. Daly's company first played in London, we were all out at Sir Henry Irving's—he was plain Henry Irving then—in Hampstead, and Mr. Toole asked me how I came to be so perfectly natural and easy on the stage. I forget what I answered, but in the course of conversation I said, some moments later: "That explains it," cried Mr. Irving. "Explains what?" somebody asked. "Everything. The ease and naturalness and all." I had never thought the dancing responsibility for so much, but I do attribute to that early training my splendid health and spirits and my long life. You know the famous dancers, Taglioni and the rest, lived to be eighty and over. I was taught in the Ballet School of Her Majesty's theatre that was pulled down only a few years ago to make room for Mr. Tree's present theatre, and the new Carlton Hotel. We were taught in return for such services as we would give, "going on" in the crowd from our very beginning. There was plenty of use for children on the stage in those days of real ballets. I think I was about twelve when I began. There was some opposition at home, but my mother stoutly consented, on condition that I neglected none of my home duties. We were carefully brought up, and from the first each had some household work to perform. But it was the training at the theatre that I loved. It was a serious profession, dancing.

A hunter dealer in this vicinity recently ordered a quantity of cheap lumber and when he unloaded the cars found that the stock was composed chiefly of knot holes, as the knots had been joggled out en route. He immediately telegraphed the consignor "Two care knot holes received. Send lumber to place in them."—Stamington Mirror.

THE NAME DIDN'T GO.

When the day watch appeared to relieve the night shift of waiters at the Park row restaurant, the other morning, a night watchman who was rolling up his apron in a piece of newspaper in the alleyway uttered a meaningful "Well, to one of the day shift, who was twisting his mustache into snail's feelers before a cracked looking glass in a corner. The day shift waiter looked up and then walked over to the night watchman.

"Huh?" he inquired, as he continued to twist his mustache.

"I got one of 'em," said the night watchman, brushing his battered derby on his coat sleeve. "Feller wit' a bun on was in early this mornin' an' passed it along. He's on the ground's an' is next all right."

"What's th' name of th' poole?" asked the day shift man, not interestedly.

The night watchman began to sputter. "Whit-zee-zee—Whit-zee-zee—"

The day shift man left off fondling his mustache and gazed at the night watchman with astonishment.

"Say, where'd you get it?" he inquired, with open mouth.

"Whit-zee-zee—Where'd ze poole get it?" gasped the night watchman, getting red in the face.

"Brown th' wheats, hey?" said the day shift man, looking at his spluttering companion wonderingly. "That's a fine name for a horse, ain't it? What you handin' us?"

"Aw, seissors th' kidin'," replied the night man, disgustedly. "I got th' name of th' mutt on th' end of me taker, but let's see. Whit-zee-zee poole—hey, wait till I see th' mornin' paper an' get a pipe at th' end of it."

The night man slipped into the restaurant and took a morning newspaper from one of the tables.

"That's th' mutt," said he, returning to the alleyway and putting his thumb on the name of a horse in the third page.

The day shift man gazed at the horse's name for a minute and then rubbed his eyes. Then he picked up the paper and took it over to one of the windows.

"Howitz-zee-zee—Howitz-zee-zee," he sputtered, very much as the night man had wrestled with the same difficulty.

"Aw, g'wan," interrupted the night man, disgustedly. "That ain't nothin' like th' way th' feller told me said it. He said Whit-zee-zee—Whit-zee-zee—"

"Back up!" snorted the man, wrathfully. "How is you goin' to make any Whit-zee-zee out of 'Howitz-zee-zee'?"

"Well, that's th' way th' feller said it, all right, an' he's one of these here ducks that's been schooled over th' spellin' an' pronouncin' jumpin'," put in the night man. "That's th' name of th' plug, anyhow, an' I'm goin' to dig a buck up."

"Howitz-zee-zee—Howitz-zee-zee," resumed the day man, struggling ineffectually with the name in the entries. Then he threw the paper down. "Well, not 'till little Timmy's coin."

"Well, I jes' tell you, that's all, Willie-Know-a-Heap," said the night man, starting to walk out, "an' it's up to 'e. I'd like to see him win a swingin'." With his mouth open, jes' to fool up some of these here head-wises," and he passed out.

These two were not the only ones that had trouble with the "Mexican horse," "Howitz-zee-zee," that forenoon. There was quite a tip up and down the Row, on the best, out nineteenth of the profound ones who endeavored to pass the tip along had abandoned their oral efforts to do it, after many ineffectual trials, and point mutely to the name among the entries.

The word as to "Howitz-zee-zee's" chances was particularly well shown among the customers of one of the Park row poolrooms, and many of the pickers took a chance on the oddly-named animal. But few of them tried to name their selection. They were glad to write out their slips and pass them in at the screened window. The price against the horse closed at 12 to 1, and this particular poolroom must have been pounded pretty well at that figure, for the talk was all about the animal before the race was run.

"What are you playin'?" was replied to by most of the habitués of the room by some sort of ingenious reference to "Howitz-zee-zee."

"The third one from the top," most of them would answer, pointing to the card tacked on the wall, or "That one with the begone name," or "That skate with the jazy John Haccack," or "The goat with the slop-barrelly handle," or "The mutt with the corner-beef-hash title," or other equally deft evasions of the task of actually naming the horse that had been tipped off.

As for the operator behind the screen, he dodged the issue in the same way when he got the flash that the horses were off. But all hands out in front understood him.

"Off at the Duet," sang out the telegraph. "Ante Up in front, Browdale second, Brown the Wheats a length away," and then a big whoop went up, and the "Howitz-zee-zee" folks poked each other de lightedly saying: "Well, he gets away, anyhow."

"Judge Wardell at the half," went on the operator, "Browdale second, Platter a flash a length away," and the "Howitz-zee-zee" rosters poked one another some more and said: "He's hangin' on, ain't he?"

"J. Wardell in the stretch by a head, Goldfey second, Sidestep the Name a head away," and then the excitement in the room became intense, for all hands understood that "Sidestep the Name" was "Howitz-zee-zee."

"Boomp-a-t-t-t-t-t-t!" shouted the operator, and then the "Howitz-zee-zee" people embraced each other and shook hands and told each other how they "had known it all the time."

About four o'clock in the afternoon, after the race, the night watchman dropped in at the bakery where he worked.

"Hello, there," said the day shift man who had scoured the "Howitz-zee-zee" tip in the morning. "What you doin' out o' y'r little white trundle bunk this time o' day?"

"Oh, nuthin'," replied the night man, grinning and pulling out a huge roll of ones and twos. "Jes' thought I'd fall in an' show you some papers I got to decorate th' selves in me room wit'." And he flashed the roll on the day man, who looked crestfallen.

"Say, did that poole—a poole—a poole?" he inquired.

"Walked in," replied the night man, resting his roll to his pocket. "He ain't all asleep an' nothin'. I got 12 to 1 for me five spot."

However, the day shift man was game. "Well, say, pal," he remarked, clattering the dishes on his arm, "don't you see I eat that bunke or you'll choke 't' eat it? Hew-it-zee-zee poole-tree!"—N. Y. Sun.

OUR CHANGING TRAFFIC.

How Some of the Larger Cities Adjust Themselves to New Conditions.

It is not to be understood, of course, that the changes in trade relations signify that the older communities come to a standstill, or go backward, or are even relatively less important because of the sectional traffic that is taken away from them. When New York lost to Cincinnati the raw product trade with the south, compensating gains were made in other directions, says Arthur I. Street, in *Ainslee's*. American communities are not like those of Italy, where, when the grape and wine business declines year after year, the people are at the end of their wits, and poverty seems the only available employment. On the contrary, when Philadelphia lost the raw product business which New York captured by the building of the Erie ditch, her people settled themselves to the making of locomotives and steamships. So, when Toledo lost the grain of the west she went into manufacturing agricultural implements. When the far west put its short lines into Chicago, Duluth and Memphis and deprived the Ohio states of their advantage in the south, the hauling of grain and pigs and cattle was given up for the making of clothes and tools.

Indeed, one of the vital aspects of the law that is taking away from New York the lines of trade to retain which its merchants are contending, probably in vain, is that it implies the building up of the country into groups of sectional specialties. As the years of experiment and of temporary leadership pass, the several principal localities discover the items of trade in which their resources or their facilities for manipulation are the greatest, and adhere to these tenaciously and successfully. Some manufacture locomotives, and others, like Kalamazoo, in Michigan, do nothing so famously as the growing of celery. Some, like South Bend, in Indiana, make wagons, and others, like Philadelphia, build war vessels. Some, like Bellingham Bay, in the state of Washington, can salmon, and others, like Fresno, in California, dry raisins.

He knew that she was gone. He had seen her go. She left the room by the private door opening on the corridor; yet he read again the paper lying on his desk to convince himself that it was not all a dream.

"Esther Thorncliffe," he repeated, "Squint-eyed, one-legged, hunchbacked—something of the sort, I suppose; but what does it matter? It's a rather good idea. She was a remarkable woman. The most remarkable woman I ever met. She must have come for this Esther Thorncliffe at the start. If I hadn't been a fool I should have known that she never came on such an errand for herself."

He looked at his watch with an exclamation of surprise, caught up his hat and coat and hurried toward the door, bethought him of a word to his office-boy, turned quickly and opened the other door, then started back with a veritable gasp, and stood shaking.

The boy had tilted his chair against the door, the better to protect the entrance to his master's sanctum while waiting for the sound of the bell. The sudden opening of the door sent him headlong into the private office.

Stanton did not notice it, but in speechless, nerveless consternation stood looking across the room, where, against the wall, in the order of their coming, the boy had arranged a dozen complaints.

They were young and old, white and black—there was one black one among them. At the head of the line stood a bedizened duchess from back of Green street. She was a scarlet and brazen veteran. At the other end stood a young girl, her eyes on the floor and her cheeks flushed with shame as she crouched away from the rest.

"Good mornin'," Mr. Malcolm, said the duchess, stepping forward. "You've got a good show to pick from, and you'd best be about it, for her that's to be merred the day order be gettin' her toes on P.D.Q."

"Ladies!" Stanton gasped, and then he stopped to shudder.

He would have begun in almost any other way, but he remembered that they were all there upon his invitation; there as his guests; there to consult with him about becoming his wife. He was too recently under the philosophy of his first caller not to appreciate the situation.

"Ladies," he said again, "you must excuse me. I have already made my selection." And in the simple instinct of self-preservation he pushed the door to and looked it, for the duchess, with clinched fists and purple face, was approaching him. Having looked the door, he turned and fled.

Going down in the elevator, he overheard a whispered conversation between the operator and a neighbor's office boy.

"Dat's him. Dat's de Malcolm. Catch on? I show'd yer de ad."

"Come off. His name's Stanton. He's some. Whatcher givin' us?"

"Spose he a jay, ter hook his own name to a gag like dat? He's him all de same, an' don'tcher furgit. Oh, but de gang o' doves I've took up!"

Stanton left the elevator almost on a run, and pushed into the crowd, but the boy seemed still following him. He was sure his eyes were fixed on him. He knew his feet were close behind him. He almost thought that he could hear him saying to everyone he met: "Dat's him. Dat's de Malcolm. Catch on?"

Till now Raymond had not entered into his calculations. Suddenly, while pushing his way through the crowd, it occurred to him as a most reasonable thing that he might have discovered his error and be on the alert.

"If he should catch on," he could easily stop the best plans I could lay, all after 12 o'clock, at least," he muttered; and, with that thought connecting the two, the phantom boy behind him suddenly became a spy of Raymond's, following him to the registrar's. He changed his plans, hurried to Jersey City, and even took the precaution to engage the services of an obscure clergyman whose name he chanced to know.

"Fool," he muttered, on the way back. "He'd think of Jersey City as quickly as I did. I'll throw him off the track."

To do this he made the record in New York, and the idea still progressing, continued the plan by securing a permit from the Brooklyn office, and then began the arduous task of waiting till eight o'clock.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It is estimated that the much of Great Britain spend \$500,000 a year on silk hats.

That the young king of Spain is all a boy, ready to see his sisters' failings, if not his own, is amusingly shown by a story told of him by a friend of his French tutor, says Youth's Companion. During one of the hot days of last summer the tutor dictated to his pupil an exercise in which occurred the phrase: "She possessed in the highest degree the distinguished manners and grace of speech innate in royal princesses."

"The man who wrote that never lived at court," remarked the boy king.

"What makes you think so?" demanded his astonished tutor.

"Why, just look!" replied the king, pointing to his two sisters, who happened to be in the room. "Look at these royal princesses! Look at their distinguished manners!"

Maria de las Mercedes lay sprawling over a table, looking sleepy and overheated. Maria Teresa maintained a more ladylike attitude, but was abstractedly scratching her head with her left hand in apparent embarrassment over a problem of French orthography. Alfonso pinched the arm of his elder sister and pulled the hair of the younger.

"Oh, you horrid boy!" they both exclaimed.

"There's your grace of speech!" commented his majesty, with a roguish glance at his teacher.

—Hard on the Duke.

From published pictures the duke of York is about the most sorrowful looking heir apparent ever photographed. His published photographs might be called Prints of Wails.—Kansas City Star.

John Olmstead's Nephew.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.)

er than I wish. I know of one who will serve your purpose perfectly. You can trust her. She will neither fail nor deceive you; but I know that there is a condition she will require. Give me your promise that you will accept it, and I will send her to you."

"What is it?" Stanton asked.

"I cannot rightly put it for her. She will have to tell you for herself after she has performed her part."

"But suppose it were something that—"

"I will be responsible that you can easily perform it, without embarrassment, and that it shall in no way touch your pride, your name, your home, or your fortune."

"That is more than I ask, madam. However, I agree to accept the condition, and will see to it, also, that my obligations are properly met."

"Never mind; just write down what you will need to know. Her name is Esther Thorncliffe. She was never married. She was born of honest American parents in Albers, Col., December 1, 1867. Her good name is without a blemish. She will meet you at the main entrance to this building at nine o'clock to-night. You can trust her."

How much later Stanton never knew, he started like one waking from a dream.

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BAIL IS INCREASED

Reis' Shortage Is Now Placed
at \$13,000

Other News of Interest From Various
Parts of New England States.

Weymouth, Mass., June 28.—The case of Superintendent Ries of the Weymouth water works for the alleged larceny of \$1800 of the town's money came up by continuance in the district court at Quincy yesterday, and was further continued until July 1. The amount of bail was increased to \$5000, in default of which he was committed to jail.

The town auditors have been at work on the accounts of the water department, and the total shortage is now placed at \$13,000. The auditors have done nothing as yet in regard to verifying bills paid by the department for labor, material, etc., as Town Treasurer Stetson has attempted to that end. The water board has engaged counsel. There is a general feeling that the books of the department from the time the water works were put in, 16 years ago, should be examined.

Rivers Is Very Feeble

Boston, June 28.—Former Congressman John E. Russell of Leicester, a Democrat of state and national reputation, returned home yesterday on the Ivernia from a two years' trip through Europe. His appearance has changed considerably on account of poor health during his absence. Being asked as to his health, Mr. Russell replied: "I am still pretty feeble, but am in practically the same condition as two years ago." Mr. Russell is under strict orders from his medical advisers not to interest himself in anything of an exciting nature.

License Commissioners Removed

Taunton, Mass., June 28.—Mayor O'Hearn has served notice on the board of license commissioners that the charges preferred against it have been sustained, and that the members are removed from office. The matter will go into court for a test case. The charges were that the board had granted licenses to persons complained of or convicted of violating the liquor law during the last year, and also of unlawfully issuing beer and druggists' licenses.

Union Men Serve Notice

Holyoke, Mass., June 28.—The paper manufacturers have received a formal notification from the town workers that all of the plants in Holyoke and South Hadley Falls are expected to be unionized on or before July 8, at which time the recent agreement goes into effect. The communication says that after that date no member of that lodge will work in a mill where non-union help is employed.

Unlabeled's Life Prolonged

Boston, June 28.—The executive council yesterday took up the petition that Franciszek Unlabeled, the Northampton murderer, be respite until the constitutionality of the electrocution law could be settled. The council voted to recommend that the governor grant a respite, which was accordingly done. He had been sentenced to electrocution during the week beginning July 1.

To Be Left to Convention

Pawtucket, R. I., June 28.—At a semi-annual meeting of the Rhode Island Mulesplumbers' association, held in this city last night, the matter of securing a nine-hour day was given much consideration. It was voted to refer the matter for further consideration to the national convention to be held in October.

Part of Cargo Thrown Overboard

Pasque Island, Mass., June 28.—The schooner Hanna F. Carleton of Methuen, Me., lumber laden, struck on Sow and Pigs ledge yesterday. There was a dense fog at the time, and the vessel went on hard, so that there was no hope of releasing her save by throwing overboard a part of her cargo.

Independence in Commission

Boston, June 27.—The Independence was formally placed in commission yesterday by Arnold Lawson, son of the owner, and Mr. Crawford's shield registered her at the custom house. The yacht flew an American yacht ensign at her peak and Mr. Lawson's private signal at the masthead.

Hotel Burned to the Ground

Marshfield, Mass., June 27.—The Humarock, a large summer hotel on the south shore, was burned last night, and with it went the many outbuildings. The hotel was owned by Fred Merrill, who placed his direct loss at \$30,000. The fire was probably caused by a defective flue.

Nelson Keeps on Winning

Springfield, Mass., June 28.—Johnny Nelson defeated Will Stinson in a 20-mile paced race here last night. The time for the 20 miles was 32:37 4-5, which lowers the track record, held by Michael. Nelson was four laps and a few yards in the lead at the finish.

Disapproved by Amesbury Voters

Amesbury, Mass., June 27.—At a special meeting of the voters last night, it was voted to reject the act recently passed by the legislature authorizing the city to install a system of sewerage, and issue bonds to the amount of \$100,000 for the same.

Two Drowning Accidents

Lawrence, Mass., June 28.—Edouard Belanger, aged 9, was drowned in the Merrimack river yesterday afternoon. About an hour later, Emile Villadeau, aged 10, was drowned almost opposite where young Belanger went down.

Died From a Bite

Derby, Conn., June 28.—Burton Griffin, 30 years old, died yesterday in agony from a kissing bug's bite. Griffin was an athlete and in robust health when bitten.

Gift of Over a Million

Cambridge, Mass., June 27.—President Eliot, at the Harvard alumni dinner yesterday afternoon, announced that J. P. Morgan had given more than \$1,000,000 for the erection of three buildings for the Harvard medical school. These are to be erected on land on Huntington avenue, Boston, which is held in trust for the college.

IT WAS YALE DAY

Won In 'Varsity and Fresh-
man Boat Races

To Harvard Fell the Honor of Win-
ning the Four-Oared Race

New London, Conn., June 28.—In a race never excelled on the Thames for spectacular closeness, Yale's 'Varsity crew, won in the last half mile of a four-mile race yesterday.

It was a contest that worked into a perfect frenzy the thousands of enthusiasts who watched it from the observation truss, yachts and points of vantage on the banks and saw Yale row to victory, leading Harvard over the finish line by a scant two lengths.

To Yale also fell the honor of a victory in the freshman race, while Harvard takes consolation in the fact that her 'Varsity four walked away from the Yale quartet handsomely.

The two minor races, with honors divided, served to whet the appetite of 12,000 spectators on the observation truss and half as many people on yachts and the river banks. These contests had resulted exactly as the experts had predicted, and the great crowds were impatient for the supreme event of the regatta.

The big race was rowed down stream in the cool of the evening, shortly after 7 o'clock. The conditions were fairly favorable. A wind out of the southwest blew diagonally against the crews at the rate of about six miles an hour. A beautiful start, with the two eights rowing stroke for stroke, began a contest that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

Harvard immediately took the lead. Her stalwart oarsmen retained it for a mile and a half. At the two-mile flag Yale had cut down the Harvard advantage, and drew ahead only to lose again before a half mile had been travelled. For still another half mile the Cambridge boys held on and the excitement was of the keenest kind.

Both crews had by this time dropped to an unusually slow stroke, at times the rate per minute being scarcely 30. Yale's endurance, however, was up to the standard, and, as the two shells approached the three and a half mile flag, the Ells gunned magnificently. Harvard responded, but it was Yale's day.

She took the lead, and not only kept it, but drew away rapidly in the last quarter of a mile until the finish was reached, when Yale crossed the line, barely two lengths ahead, with Harvard rowing manfully.

It was one of the most beautiful contests between the crews of the two universities ever seen on the river. From the echo of the referee's pistol until the crews were under the shadow of the drawbridge at the finish, it was anybody's race.

The official time was: Yale, 23:37; Harvard, 23:55.

The freshman contest was an easy victory for the Yale youngsters, Harvard, 1904, being four and a half lengths to the rear.

The freshmen's time was: Yale, 10:27 4-5; Harvard, 10:45.

Harvard's four won with marvelous abandon by six full lengths.

In the four-oared race the time was: Harvard, 14:13 1-5; Yale, 12:09 1-5.

No records were broken, and the time for the 'Varsity race was unusually slow, probably because of an unexpectedly low stroke and the cross wind.

Challenge Won't Be Accepted

Boston, June 28.—P. W. Penhoby, who acted as counsel for Mrs. Woodbury in her libel suit against Mrs. Eddy, sent yesterday to Alfred Farlow and Judge Hanna a challenge to a "public discussion of Mrs. Eddy's life, her character, her methods, her teachings, her alleged discovery of Christian Science and her relation to organized Christian Science, its religious and commercial features."

Mr. Farlow and Judge Hanna say they will ignore the challenge.

Will Be Argued at Washington

Boston, June 22.—Justice Gray of the United States supreme court yesterday allowed an appeal to be entered in the habeas corpus proceedings brought in the interest of Luigi Storti, the condemned murderer, which was decided adversely to the petitioner by Judges Putnam and Lowell in the United States circuit court in this city. The appeal will be argued in October in Washington.

Receiver in Charge

Springfield, Mass., June 26.—Ellis B. Pepper, temporary receiver of the Pynchon National bank, which was closed yesterday by the comptroller of the currency, has taken charge of affairs. He thinks his examination will take two weeks. Depositors took the news of the bank's closing philosophically, and are confident they will lose nothing in the settlement.

Three Men Drowned

Lewiston, Me., June 21.—A rowboat on Lake Umbagog capsized and Nicholas Doyle, Jr., Guy N. Ross and Joel A. Boomer of this city were drowned. Doyle was the only married man. The accident was not witnessed by any one, and no theory is offered as to the cause of the capsizing of the boat.

Ex-Tax Collector in Jail

Warren, Mass., June 24.—William H. Kelly, former tax collector of this town, who was arrested on a charge of embezzlement, was arraigned and pleaded not guilty. He was held in \$1000, in default of which he was taken to jail. There are 21 separate counts against Kelly, aggregating \$3000.

Four Men Killed by Fall

Buffalo, June 28.—As a result of the breaking of a temporary platform built on a scaffolding inside and bridging the top of a monster tank in the eastern elevator yesterday, six men fell a distance of 80 feet. Four were killed.

Weighty Problem to Come

Havana June 28.—La Lucha, referring editorially to the annexation movement, warns its agitators to proceed slowly, saying that premature action will prove harmful to themselves and that their efforts should be saved for that time in the future when the problem of annexation comes up.

California King Gold Mines Company,

32 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

JOHN P. JONES, PRESIDENT.

Capital, 1,000,000 Shares—Par Value, \$5.00 Each.

FULL PAID—NON-ASSESSABLE.

DIRECTORS:

HON. JOHN P. JONES, Gold Hill, Nevada, U. S. Senator and Mine Owner.
HON. JAMES B. GLANT, Denver, Col., Ex-Gov. of Colorado. Of Grant & Omaha Smelting Co.
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HON. WILLARD TELLER, Denver, Col., Attorney at Law.
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BANKERS:

Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, - - - 63 Broadway, New York.

Offer 200,000 Shares Treasury Stock at \$3 Per Share.

The CALIFORNIA KING GOLD MINES COMPANY owns 23 claims in Picoa Basin, four miles from the Colorado River, in California, and 20 miles by direct road from Yuma, Arizona.

Development work has been in progress for the last six years, and more than 10,000 feet of shafts, drifts, levels and cuts have been completed and paid for by the owners.

Upwards of FIFTY MILLION TONS of ore are now ready for the mill, all of which will be mined by open cuts at a nominal cost.

A contract has been entered into for the erection of a mill and cyanide plant capable of handling 1,000 TONS OF ORE DAILY, WHICH WILL BE COMPLETED THIS YEAR. The directors guarantee that this plant will be placed in operation, regardless of the amount of treasury stock subscribed.

The net profit after commencing operations will exceed \$60,000 a month, and probably reach \$100,000 a month, within a year. THE ORE IN SIGHT WILL SUPPLY SUCH A PLANT FOR MORE THAN FORTY YEARS.

Application will be made to list stock on the Boston Stock Exchange.

This is an opportunity for investment in a mining property of known value, managed by experienced mining men in the interest of all the stockholders, and over 20 per cent. annually is assured on the investment.

Prospectus and any information desired will be furnished on application, and subscriptions received by

Wm. M. Hughes, South Portsmouth,

Agent for State of Rhode Island.

6-15

BULLET GLANCED

Patrick McCann Did Not Kill Wife,
but Succeeded as a Suicide

Worcester, Mass., June 28.—Patrick McCann, aged 51, a dyer in the employ of the Worcester Bleaching company, fired three shots at his wife in a restaurant where she is employed as cook, yesterday afternoon, and later shot himself in the right temple. McCann died at the city hospital later, and Mrs. McCann had a bad, though not dangerous wound on the top of her head, the bullet grazing and not penetrating the skull. Mrs. McCann had been living apart from her husband seven weeks, and had refused to go back to him, on account of his drinking habits. Yesterday McCann apparently sought her out with the purpose of shooting her, as he had threatened to do, and opened fire upon her immediately she came in sight, but one of the three shots fired taking effect.

Street Tragedy at Boston

Boston, June 28.—On a crowded West End street yesterday afternoon, a young man, before the eyes of the people, fired several shots from a revolver at two girls, killing one of them, and then, before he could be prevented, shot himself twice. The second bullet caused death. The young man was Richard Freeman, and the women were his two sisters, Rosa, the one who was killed, was 21. Helen, 17, was not hit by the bullet intended for her. Freeman was 25 years old, and had just finished a course at the Harvard dental college. Insanity, caused by overwork and illness, is declared to have caused his action.

Case Well Weighed by Jury

Boston, June 24.—After deliberating for 24 hours, the jury in the case against Mrs. Jane E. Bishop, charged with criminal malpractice, returned a verdict of acquittal. Mrs. Bishop and Dr. A. W. Turner were indicted nearly a year ago, the latter as an accessory to Mrs. Bishop's alleged crime, the latter also being found not guilty. The counts in the two indictments numbered 81, and the case was one of the hardest ever fought before a Massachusetts court.

Aldermen Oppose Investigation

Boston, June 25.—The aldermanic meeting yesterday was one of the most personal debates among the members, growing out of the rejected loan bill, and accented by the order of Alderman Tinkham for an investigation by the district attorney of the alleged bribery, or attempts of bribery, in connection with the loan bill that was defeated. After debate acrimonious in the extreme, the order was postponed, 8 to 5.

Steamer Struck Launch

Boston, June 21.—While coming into the harbor yesterday, the steamer City of Bangor, during a dense fog, ran down the naphtha launch Estelle, which had anchored off Deer Island beacon, directly in the steamer's path. Five men in the launch were thrown into the water. L. H. Dickey and Charles Robinson were drowned, the other three being picked up with considerable difficulty.

Who could Vaccination

Clinton, Mass., June 27.—A delegation of local physicians visited the Lancaster mills yesterday to enforce the vaccination order, and a large percentage of the 2700 employees submitted to the order. The public vaccination is going on, and fully 2500 people in Clinton were vaccinated yesterday. There are nine smallpox suspects at the post house.

Two Millions For Yale

New Haven, June 27.—At the Yale alumni dinner yesterday it was announced that \$2,000,000, fixed as the amount of the bi-centennial fund, has all been pledged, principal new contributors being Frederick Vanderbilt and James J. Hill of New York, and Matthew Norton of Fall River.

Sick Man Killed Him-elf

Manchester, N. H., June 24.—William J. McQuinn, a musician, jumped from a third story window of the Sacred Heart hospital, and lived but an hour after the accident. McQuinn was suffering from appendicitis, and sprang from a window when the nurse turned her back.

Industrial Trust Co.,

Capital - - - \$1,200,000.00
Surplus and Profits 671,112.39

Office, 303 Thames Street.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS, SUBJECT TO CHECK.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Monies received on this account, which combines the advantages of Savings Banks, with Additional Security of the Capital Stock of this company, draws interest from August 1st, 1901.

EXEMPTION FROM LIABILITY.

Trustees, Executors, Administrators, Guardians, Receivers and Assignees who deposit the funds of property of their estates with this company are exempt by law from all personal liability.

THE CHARACTER

-OF A-

Suit of Clothes

IS THE GREATER PORTION OF ITS VALUE.

It is this quality of character which has helped to make our clothes famous, besides the fact that they contain every essential quality of the made-to-order sort at about one-half the price.

Apply the test of your personal investigation today.

Newport One Price

Clothing Co.,

208 THAMES STREET. 208

What the People Say!

THAT THE MOST EXTENSIVE AND BEST SELECTION OF

TRIMMED HATS

-AND-

Millinery Novelties

can be found at

SCHREIER'S,

All the popular shapes. Special shapes of our own design.

Flowers, Straw Braids, Laces,
Gold Braids, Ornaments.

Everything in the line to be found at the

LEADER,

SCHREIER'S Queen Anne Millinery Establishment, 143 Thames Street.

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Electric Lighting. Electric Power.

Residences and Stores Furnished with

Electricity at lowest rates.

Electric Supplies. Fixtures and Shades.

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Alpha Home Pudding,

THE LATEST THING OUT.

Scotch Oats, fresh

Smalley Fruit Jars,

NEW DESIGNS.

S. S. THOMPSON.

Election of Officers.

Uffia Lodge.

President—Emile Lohrer.
Vice President—Henry Hagg.
Financial and Corresponding Secretary—Edward Otto.
Treasurer—M. P. Vaughan.
Installation of officers will be held on July 14.

B. M. and P. Union.

President—Joseph Fraser.
Vice President—William Tracy.
Recording Secretary—William Williamson.
Financial Secretary—James Kirwin.
Corresponding Secretary—E. J. O'Connell.
Treasurer—M. P. Vaughan.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Thomas Morgan.
Deputy—John Caser.
Alternate—P. Duffy.

Court Friendship, O. F. of A.

Chief Ranger—Dennis W. Maher.
Sub-Chief Ranger—William Sullivan.
Recording Secretary—George W. Callahan.
Sergeant-at-Arms—Thomas Egan.
Junior Woodward—Charles J. Shea.

Walshour Lowers a Record

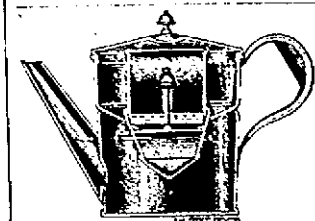
Washington, June 28.—At the coliseum park track last night Bobby Walshour defeated A. W. Ross in a 25-mile, motor-paced race in 38:33 2-5, beating the world's record, made by Stinson, of 39:21.

Forty-Third at 'Frisco

San Francisco, June 28.—The Forty-third regiment, the last of the volunteers to leave the Philippines, arrived here yesterday on the transport Kilpatrick, 23 days from Manila.

Pontiff Confined to Bed

Paris, June 28.—A dispatch to The Petit Bleu from Rome announces that the pope is seriously sick, and says that Dr. Lippioni does not leave the pontiff's bedside.



When You Want a COFFEE POT

BUY THE BEST.

"The Perfecter"

Is far superior to anything now on the market as a coffee-maker. Ask your dealer for it and take NO other if you want the BEST.

Selected Tale.

THE INQUISITIVE BOY.

What place is that, pa?
That is a brickyard, my son.
Whose brickyard is it, pa?
It belongs to me, my son.
Do all these big piles of brick belong to you?

Yes, my son, every brick of them.
My Low Jong did it take you to make them? Did you make them all alone by yourself?

No, my son; those men you see working there make them for me.
Do the men belong to you, pa?

No, my son, those men are free men. No man can own another. If he could the other would be a slave.

What is a slave?

A slave, my son, is a man who has to work for another all his life for only his board and clothes.

If a slave gets sick, who pays for the doctor, pa?

Well, his owner does; he can't afford to lose his property.

Why do men work so hard, pa? Do they like it?

Well, no; I don't suppose they do, but they must work or starve.

Are these men rich, pa?

Not to any great extent, my son. Do they own any houses, pa?

I rather guess not, my son.

Have they any horses or fine clothes, and do they go to the theatre when it's warm, like we do, pa?

Well, hardly; it takes them all their time to work for a living.

What is a living, pa?

Why, a living—well, for them a living is what they eat and wear.

Isn't that hard and clothes, pa?

I suppose it is.

Well, are they any better off than slaves, pa?

Of course they are, you foolish boy. Why, they're free; they don't need to work for me if they don't like; they can leave whenever they choose.

And if they leave won't they have to work, pa?

Yes, of course they will; they will have to work for some one else.

And will they get anything more from him?

No, I suppose not.

Well, then, how are they any better off than slaves?

Why, they have votes; they are free men.

If they get sick do you pay for the doctor, pa?

Catch me! what have I got to do with it? They must pay for their own doctor.

Can you afford to lose one of the men who work for you, pa?

Of course I can; it doesn't make any difference to me. I can hire another whenever I like.

Then you aren't so particular about them as if they were your slaves, are you, pa?

No, I suppose not.

Then how is it better for them to be free?

Oh, don't ask foolish questions, boy. What are bricks made of, pa?

Of clay, my son.

Do the bricks belong to the men when they make them, pa?

No, my son, they belong to me.

Why, when the men make them?

Because the clay is mine.

Did you make it, pa?

No, God made it, my son.

Did he make it for you, pa?

No, I bought it.

Bought it from God?

No, from a man.

Did the man buy it from God?

No, of course not; he bought it from another man, I suppose.

Did the first man it was bought from buy it from God?

No, I suppose not.

How did he get it? How was it his more than anybody else's?

Oh, I don't know. I suppose he just claimed it.

Then if these men should claim it now would it be theirs?

Oh, bother, don't be asking foolish questions.

If you didn't own the brickyard and the clay, how would you make your living?

Oh, I don't know; I suppose I would have to work.

Would you make bricks, pa?

Maybe I would.

How would you like to make bricks for only your board and clothes, and let the men who claimed the brickyard have everything else?

Nobody'd care how I liked it. Poor people must work for their living.

If these men had brickyards of their own would they work for you, pa?

Not likely; they'd work for themselves, probably.

Isn't it lucky that that man claimed this land first and that you bought it?

Why?

If he hadn't, maybe somebody else would have claimed it, and then maybe one of these men would own it now, and then—you'd have to work for him for your board and clothes.

Maybe. You ought to be thankful to Providence for his goodness to you in giving you a father who can support you without working.

Should these men's little boys be thankful to Providence, too, pa?

Well, I suppose they should.

What for, pa?

Oh, because their pa's have steady work.

Is steady work a good thing, pa?

Of course it is, my son.

Then why do you work, pa? Nobody could keep you from making bricks, could they?

No. I don't want to keep men out of a job. If I worked there wouldn't be a job for another man.

That's kind of you, pa. Do you think if you was to wheel that man's barrow once while he rested he'd get mad about it?

Oh, please! gentlemen don't wheel barrows.

What's gentlemen, pa?

Why, gentlemen—men who don't need to work—the upper class.

I thought there wasn't any upper classes in this country. I heard a man say all men were equal.

The man who said that was a Socialist, or Anarchist, or something; or maybe it was election time and he was trying to catch votes.

Say, pa, my Sunday school teacher says we are all God's children. Is she a Socialist or an Anarchist, or is she trying to catch votes?

Oh, no, that's the right thing to say in Sunday schools and churches.

Well, pa, honest now; are these men God's children the same as we are?

Why, yes, my son, to be sure they are.

Say, pa, do you remember when you bought that dozen allies for brother Jim and me, and I grabbed them all and made him give me his top before I'd let him play with them, and you called him a greedy little hog and gave me a kicking?

Yes, my son, I remember.

Well, do you think you did right?

Certainly, my son; a parent does right to correct his children and keep them from acquiring bad principles. I bought the marbles for you both. Jim had as much right to them as you.

Well, pa, if those men are God's children just as much as you, then you and they are brothers; and if you make them give you nearly all the bricks they make for allowing them the use of the clay which God made isn't that the same as me making Jim give his top for a chance to play with the marbles?

Oh, bother, don't ask such foolish questions.

Say, pa, do you think God thinks you a greedy hog, and that he will punish you for grabbing that clay?

Oh, don't talk so much. Say, pa, put this child to bed, he makes me tired.

No Breaking off.

"See here, Daniel," began the old farmer when he had cornered his son out by the corner, "a lot's this here breadin' round 'bout the neighbors 'bout you and Patience breakin' off yer engagement?"

"Nuthin' to it," with a sullen tone and look.

"Blamed funny. I never see so much smoke where there wasn't some fire. Did you and her have some word?"

"I said there wasn't no breakin' off, didn't I? What's the use of cross-questionin' a feller like he was on the witness stand?"

"Lots of use, my young man. Hah! I told you more times. In you've got fingers and toes that my mind and na's mind is set on this here marriage. Don't our farms fine, and isn't she a only child? Hah! you got no gunnion on common sense?"

"She said no. She said I didn't know enough to peel offed potatoes afore eatin' 'em or to keep awake when I was a-courtin' of her."

"She hadn't so far wrong, either. And what did you say?"

"I told her she didn't have interlock enough to talk so's to keep nobody awake and that if I was a-peckin' and choosin' for beauty she'd be at the foot of the class. That's what I told her."

"Well?"

"She ordered me to git out and said of the ever see me out that farm from henceforth she'd set the dogs on me, and I told her the dogs would have a confounded easy time of it so far as I was concerned. But there was no breakin' off."

"Then the old man informed the boy that if the engagement wasn't renewed within 24 hours he'd leave every 'durned dollar to a sanctuary for fools."—Detroit Free Press.

A flustered young woman, out of breath as though from walking fast, rushed up the steps of the mill yesterday afternoon, and asked to be directed to the bureau of information. "There isn't any," replied the uniformed messenger, a very fat man. "Perhaps I can tell you what you want to know."

"Perhaps you can," said the young woman, producing a copy of a frivolous weekly paper. "I want to know if this is true." She pointed to a paragraph which read: "Among the curiosities of collecting is the fact that 1901 cents now bring about \$19 in the coin market."

The fat messenger adjusted his glasses and scrutinized the paragraph. While he was thus engaged the young woman explained that she had four 1901 cents, and wanted to know what made them so valuable, and where she could realize on them. Then the fat messenger grew purple in the face from suppressed laughter, which finally exploded, and seemed in momentary danger of having an apoplectic fit. He called the attention of the other messengers to the paragraph, and then followed combined snorts of merriment. In the meantime the young woman with the four 1901 cents wondered if she had strayed by mistake into a lunatic asylum. Finally the fat messenger regained his breath sufficiently to gasp: "It's a joke. Don't you see? I'll give you \$19 for 1901 pennies, and I'll be a cent ahead of the game. See?"

A great light seemed to dawn in the mind of the young woman. "I dare say it's very funny," she said, "but I don't think such things ought to be printed." And she made her exit sorrowfully. —Philadelphia Record.

It has been noticed that there is always a violin solo on James Whitcomb Riley's program? It always happens that some place on the entertainment program is found a violin number. That is done out of deference to Riley, although it is not known that he ever requested such a favor. There is a story back of that too. It appears that Riley's ambition early in life was to be a violinist. He is quoted as saying that an accident spoiled a mighty fine fiddler to make a second-rate poet, but that people may not agree with him on that score. When he was a young man he exercised a fiddle a good deal. I am told that when he began practicing out on the front porch the neighbors went in and closed the doors and windows, no matter how hot it might be, but that may be a slander. At any rate, Riley wanted to be a violinist, and was getting greatly wrapt up in his studies when he met with an accident that caused the loss of his left thumb. This made it impossible for him to pursue his violin practice, and the songs that were struggling for utterance through the medium of the violin found escape through verse, and the world is better off for it. Riley's manager knew of his weakness for the fiddle, and that's the reason there is always a violin solo on the entertainment program.

"Yes, sir," said the farmer, "if there's anything I do like an' admire, it's an honest man. An' that's why I'm proud of our new neighbor. Ef there ever was an honest man he's one."

"I'm glad to hear you say that. But are you sure he's honest?"

"Certainly; one of these frank, generous, sincere kind."

"How do you know?"

"Sold three horses to him day before yesterday, an' I got at least \$50 the best of him." —Leslie's Weekly.

"I've brought you a little brother," said the doctor.

"No," said the Impossibile Child, "the stork brought my little brother."

"Well, I'm the stork," said the doctor.

"But where is your bill?" said the Impossibile Child.

It is claimed by those who should know that an Impossibile Child is probably never written than upon the occasion of somebody being born into the family. —Detroit Journal.

Henry Ward Beecher used to tell a story about a priest in the olden time who was called to bless the field of a poor farmer prior to the planting. He came and after surveying the soil remarked to the agriculturist, "Praying won't do here; what you want is manure."

As A Girl Saw It.

Two dreams of loneliness, slipping out of a hand in a Thames street drug store, were talking about the base ball game, when a reporter chanced to enter within hearing distance.

"I suppose I will never understand the game," said one of them. "I went out yesterday with papa and, for the first time, saw the sport as they call it. Papa wouldn't talk to me at all—he just kept yelling, and clapping his hands and jumping up and down like a crazy man. I never saw him work so hard before."

"Papa said, as soon as he got on the grand stand, that he wanted to see the line-up. I suppose he saw it, but I couldn't see any line. The players just threw their coats on the ground, and didn't seem to be trying to hang them apart all. They might have had the line behind the grand stand, however. But I should have liked to see the line, because I have heard so many people speak of it."

"I can't say that I was favorably impressed by the appearance of the players. They appeared to be sunburned, or tanned. Their suits were soiled somewhat, and I noticed that they were clumsy pieces of iron to hold the soles of their shoes on."

"The afternoon was dreadfully hot and I looked around for a fan, but couldn't see any. I had heard that there were plenty of fans at the ball park, but I guess some one had taken them."

"You'd a died to see what the rooters had done to the ball ground! At least, I suppose it was rooters that I have heard so much about. The ground was torn up all around the bases, showing that the rooters had been hard at work. I asked someone where the rooter pen was located and he laughed and pointed toward the east end of the grand stand, but I couldn't see any one there but twelve policemen."

"I couldn't pretend to explain the game to you. A little fellow with a big voice and nice face got out in the middle of the field, and I heard papa say, presently, 'There's the pitcher.' I saw some of the players drinking out of a tin cup, but I didn't see the pitcher. Then a man stood up with a club in his hand and another man back of him with a wire netting over his face—to keep the flies off, I suppose. A man in front of these threw a ball at the man with the wire face, but the man with the club jumped in and hit the ball. The little fellow shouted 'Foul!' I looked out in the field and saw a flock of geese. I never understood before what 'foul' meant."

"Would you believe it—that man tried to hit the man with the wire face again, and the plucky fellow with the club wouldn't let him do it. He hit the ball hard, and ran, with the little fellow in the middle of the field trying to catch him. The man that hit the ball finally stopped, safe and sound, although I heard several men shout, 'Gill him!' The little fellow in the field said the man who hit the ball was safe, and I tell you I breathed easier."

"Another man took the club and tried to keep the man with the ball from hitting the man with the wire face; but he couldn't hit the ball with the club. I found out why that was, however, for papa jumped up, yelled three times like a lunatic, and shouted, 'There's a hole in your bat.' I didn't see the hole, but papa did. Some one ought to have plugged it up."

"I can't remember all the details of the game, but I saw one thing that nearly made me faint. A man with a club hit the ball and knocked it straight to another man, who put up his hands to keep it from hitting him. Just as the ball hit his hands, papa said, 'That was a hot one.' It must have been hot, because the man dropped it on the ground to let it cool. When he dropped the ball everybody in the park yelled, and several men in the field began running around in a circle. One of them fell down in front of the grand stand and slid twenty feet in the dirt. I thought he would be terribly hurt, but the little fellow in the field said he was safe."

"When papa sat down, after dining a bit through the grand stand, he sat square on his derby hat. He didn't seem to care about that, but remarked that he would have another hat on that game. From that remark, I judge that ball games sometimes wear hats."

"I picked up a few points about the game all by myself. It is easy to see that the shortstop is the man with the wire face that stands back of the man with the club. The catcher is the man who tries to catch the ball when the man with the club hits it."

"They said a man died at third base. He didn't even faint. I was looking at him, and distinctly saw him walk away and put on his mittens."

"It struck me as cruel to compel a man to wear mittens such hot weather. They didn't seem to mind it, however. 'One man cut the base, and the man in the field told him to go back and take his seat on the bench with the others. I like to see them protect their property. If they are allowed to cut the bases they will want to begin on the grand stand next."

"At last papa said it was over. He didn't look as happy as he had earlier in the game. I suspect that he will have to wear his old hat."

"I'm going out to the game again, and will tell you more about it. I am learning fast, but there is so much to learn that I am afraid the season will be over before I know it all."

The giddy girls paid for their drinks and started up the street.

Sir Mountstuart Grand-Duff, in his "Diary," tells a story about father Healy, who happened to be sitting in a train in company with two very ill-bred Protestants whose conversation contained little else than the most rabid abuse of the Roman Catholic church. As he left the car father Healy remarked:

"I observe, gentlemen, that you do not believe in purgatory."

"No, indeed, we think it is one of the many soul destroying errors of your system."

"In that case," replied the priest, "you may go to hell."

Special Train to San Francisco.

via Chicago & North-Western R'y, to leave Chicago Tuesday, July 9th, 11:35 P. M. Stops will be made at Denver, Colorado Springs, Glenwood Springs and Salt Lake, passing en route the finest scenery in the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains. Party will be limited in number and under personal direction of Tourist Department, Chicago & North-Western R'y. Only \$50 round trip, with choice of routes returning. Send stamp for illustrated itinerary and map of San Francisco to J. E. Brittain, 368 Washington Street Boston, Mass. 6-1-5w

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Woman's Dep't.

A Spider's Industry.

An interesting exhibit prepared for the Paris Exposition is a complete set of bedlinings manufactured in Madagascar from silk produced from the habase, an enormous spider found in certain districts of the island. Aside from being so unusual, this exhibit seems to indicate that there is a future for silk manufactured from the spider's web. The matter has received the attention of M. Nogue, the head of the Antananarivo Technical School, who has already achieved wonderful results. Each spider yields from three to four hundred yards of silk, which can be taken from the animal every ten days. It is a great deal more in the interval. The silk of these spiders is stated to be finer than that of the silkworm, and of an extraordinary golden color. It is extremely tenacious, and can be woven without the slightest difficulty. —N. Y. Evening Post.

The Romance of Mary Ball.

Mary Ball, who afterward became the mother of Washington, was born early in the 18th century, her parents having emigrated to this country from England a few years previously. Her childhood was that of the average pioneer child in the wilderness, and she learned such other arts which she learned were such as were acquired by her playmates. The marriage of Miss Ball to Augustine Washington attracted a little attention in the country-side, for two reasons—the age of the bride and the fact that the groom was a widower. In those days marriages were usually contracted when the girls were mere children, and a bride of 24 was naturally looked upon as an exception. The engagement of Mary and Augustine was of short duration, and the spring wedding which followed was one of the events of the year in Virginia social life. There was no bridal tour, but, instead, the young couple journeyed to the estate of the bridegroom, which enjoyed the distinction of being the largest plantation in Westmoreland County. It is for to presume that the bride was beautiful, we have also the authority for it of an old letter, the writer of which designates her as the "comeliest maiden" she knows, and grows very enthusiastic in admiration for her dozen hair, blue eyes, and cheeks "like May blossoms." Nor was the loveliness of the Virginia maiden devoid of the always desired thing of romance, for tradition has it that the dashing Augustine gained a realization of her charms as he nursed him back to health after he had been seriously injured by the upsetting of his carriage before the home of his future bride. The friendship inaugurated on that interesting occasion speedily ripened into mutual love. Bereaved of her husband when George was but 11 years of age, and with four younger children, she discharged the responsibilities thus sadly devolved upon her with scrupulous fidelity and firmness. —Walden Fawcett, in the July Woman's Home Companion.

Kipling on the American Girl.

As to the maiden, she is taught to respect herself, that her face is in her own hands, and that she is the more stringently bound by the very stringency of the liberty so freely accorded to her. Wherefore, in her own language, "she has a lovely time" with about 200 or 300 boys who have sisters of their own, and a very accurate perception that if they were unworthy of their trust a syndicate of other boys would probably pass them into a world where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

And so time goes till the maiden knows the other side of the house—knows that a man is not a demigod nor a mysteriously veiled monster, but an average, egotistical, vain, gluttonous, but, on the whole, companionable sort of person, to be soothed, fed and managed—knock-knocked, if he does not come to her sister in England till after a few years of matrimony. And then she makes her choice.

The golden light touches eyes that are full of comprehension, but the light is golden none the less, for she makes just the same sweet, irrational choice that an English girl does. With this advantage: She knows a little more, has experience in entertaining, insight into the business, employer and employee, and, gathered from countless talks with her boy, and talks with the other girls who find time at those mysterious conclaves to discuss what "Tom, Ted, Stuke or Jack have been doing. Thus it happens that she is a companion, in the fullest sense of the word, of the man she weds, zealous for the interests of the firm, to be consulted in time of stress, and to be called upon for help and sympathy in time of danger. Pleasant it is that one heart should beat for you, but it is better when the heart above your heart has been thinking hard on your behalf, and when the lips that are always very pleasant to kiss give wise counsel. —From Kipling's "From Sea to Sea."

The Naturalization of Women.

The Boston Herald of May 13 devotes its leading editorial to "A Woman Naturalized." Rosanna Louise Crowley, a young Irishwoman of 22, resident in Pittsfield, Mass., has taken out naturalization papers, and the clerk of the district court says he can find no record of a previous case of the kind. The Herald remarks that "no particular reason is given why Miss Crowley wished to become an American," and suggests that "perhaps she wants to be sure that there will be no obstacle to her voting in case women are given the privilege." We would add that perhaps she may regard it as an honor and a title of nobility to become an American citizen. It certainly ought to be so regarded.

But the naturalization of women is not so novel or rare as the Herald seems to suppose. About the year 1847 my sister, Elizabeth Blackwell, after obtaining a medical diploma at Geneva, N. Y., went to Paris to pursue her studies. Before doing so, she took out naturalization papers and applied to the State Department at Washington for a passport, which she obtained without difficulty. This passport entitled her to the protection of American consuls everywhere, as an American citizen, and ensured her against any infringement of personal rights while walking the hospitals in the then unexampled role of a woman medical student. Subsequently my sister Emily, going to Europe on a similar quest, took the same precaution. A third sister did so before making her residence in Italy. Thus, for more than half a century, women have made themselves naturalized American citizens. The naturalization of women would be much more common than it is but for the fact that the wives of naturalized male citizens become citizens by the fact of their marriage, without any formality whatever. —H. B. B.



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